

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

MILTON'S SHOW IS WINNER.

Over 6,000 Attend Strawberry Festival and Horse Show.

Milton—Overreaching by all odds the efforts of any previous occasion, Milton's third annual strawberry festival and horse show last week was pronounced by the 6,000 people who attended to have been the most successful event of its kind ever given in the Walla Walla valley. The streets of Milton were thronged with people from Walla Walla, Pendleton, Dayton, Prescott, Weston, Athena and the surrounding country. Owing to a crippled service on the interurban line between Milton and Freewater hundreds of those who intended to come from the Garden City were unable to do so.

The half crate of strawberries which won first prize was turned over to L. E. Mescham, publicity manager of the Walla Walla Commercial club. These berries were grown by Clarence O'Bert, residing five miles above Milton, and were later served to the Chicago business men on their visit to the Garden City. The horse show and stock parade in the afternoon was the most successful occasion of a similar nature ever held in Milton. From an advertising standpoint the festivities have been of the first water. Many prospective home seekers were present.

FARMERS TO STORE OWN GRAIN

Will Erect Own Co-Operative Warehouses in Umatilla County.

Pendleton—Believing they have not always been given a square deal by the grain warehouse companies operating in this county, a group of farmers have formed a corporation and will erect and operate a string of four warehouses. These will be located at Helix, Vansycle, Stanton and Ring, all stations on the branch line of the Northern Pacific.

The corporation was formed with a capital stock of \$20,000. The warehouses will be co-operative, all the incorporators being members of the Helix branch of the Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of America. According to present plans, the warehouses will be erected in time to handle the present season's grain crop. If these prove successful, other co-operative warehouses will be erected in the county.

Oregon Will Have Best Crops.

Hood River—According to G. B. Lanham, purchasing agent for Wagner & Co., a commission firm of Chicago, Oregon fruit crop prospects are a shade better this year than most of the other fruitgrowing states. Mr. Lanham has been making a tour of the fruitgrowing districts in the North and Middle West and states that the Colorado crop was saved this year by the use of heating pots kept going there for a week or ten days during the period when the late spring frost came. In Oregon Mr. Lanham looks for an average crop of apples, with peaches and cherries short. He visited the big strawberry growing section in the South and Southwest before starting on his Western trip, and says the berries this year hit the high mark for prices and looks for one of the best berry seasons in a number of years. The market for box apples as packed and put up in the Northwest and particularly at Hood River, Mr. Lanham says, is expanding more rapidly than it can be supplied and he looks for a greater demand for them this year than ever before.

Record Price for Wool.

Oregon City—The Oregon City Manufacturing company has purchased a pool of wool at Scio, Linn County, paying 21.81 cents per pound. This is said to be the highest price paid for wool in the Willamette valley this year. The company, which operates one of the largest woolen mills in the West, had a representative on the ground and entered into competition with Eastern and local concerns, as the pool was auctioned off at public sale to the highest bidder. About 4,000 fleeces were purchased, amounting to nearly 30,000 pounds. This sale of wool is far out of the ordinary transaction in this valley and establishes the Oregon City Manufacturing company as one of the leading wool buying factories in the West.

Contract for Asylum Work.

Salem—Dulrymple & Anderson, of Salem, were awarded the contract for building a barn, dairy and other out-houses at the asylum as authorized by the legislature. The price to be paid by the state is \$9,276. Bids were also opened for the construction of two cottages at the asylum, one for the superintendent and the other for the assistant superintendent. Markwart, Kutzky & Pakowsky, of St. Johns, Or., was awarded the contract at \$9,148.20.

LaGrande Will Advertise.

LaGrande—Over 50 members of the Merchants' Protective association of this city met at a banquet and discussed the best methods of boosting the country. A. D. Geddes struck the keynote of the meeting when he advocated making the newspapers the medium for publicity and cited examples of the way in which large papers are advertising the whole state.

Crops Fine at Ione.

Ione—This section has had a dandy rain and farmers think they will get 20 to 25 bushels per acre. More wheat will be shipped from this point this fall than any other town in Morrow county by at least one-third.

OREGON COAL PRODUCTION.

Increase in 1908—State Has 230 Squares Miles Coal Land.

Washington—The total production of coal in Oregon in 1908, as shown by statistics collected by E. W. Parker, of the United States geological survey, was 86,259 short tons, having a spot value of \$236,921.

Oregon, like California, is one of the few states in which the coal production in 1908 showed an increase over that of the preceding year, which was 70,581 short tons, the 1908 output being therefore a gain of 15,278 short tons, or 21.52 per cent; the value increased from \$166,394 to \$236,921, a gain of \$69,717, or 41.92 per cent. All of the coal produced came from the Coos Bay field in Coos county, and the increased production in 1908 was due to an increased activity at the Beaver Hill mines. All of the Beaver Hill coal was washed, the operations yielding 70 per cent of cleaned coal and 30 per cent of refuse. The refuse, however, contains a sufficient quantity of combustible material to permit its use as fuel in the operation of the mines. The coal from this field is of lignitic character.

Grants Pass Explains.

Grants Pass—The Commercial club is in receipt of the first installment of 35,000 books exploiting Josephine county. They are printed in magazine form and are generously embellished with well-arranged photos both attractive and instructive. Typographically the books are things of beauty in plan and structure. Each contains 64 pages with an artistic colored cover. On the front in bold relief three powerful commercial producers are shown, the apple, pear and peach, while the back cover shows the coming industry that bids fair to overshadow all others, the flaming Tokay.

Marshfield is Criticized.

Marshfield—Inspector Wagner of the Pacific Underwriters, and electrical engineer, has severely censured the city officials for not taking more precautions in the way of fire protection. He declares the moving picture shows were dangerous to the public. Mr. Wagner also criticized the water works system of the city. The city council will endeavor to reach some arrangement whereby the fire hazard will be reduced.

Washingtonians Buy Fruit Land.

Baker City—A recent sale of fruit land made to Walla Walla fruitgrowers establishes the fact that Baker county's fruit lands are among her strongest assets. The purchasers from Walla Walla not only purchased a tract outright, but took options on considerable more land in this county.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem milling, \$1.30@1.35; club, \$1.20@1.22½; valley, \$1.17.

Corn—Whole, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36 per ton.

Barley—Feed, \$35 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$40.50@41 ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@19 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$19@22; clover, \$11@12; alfalfa, \$13@14; cheat, \$14@14.50; vetch, \$14@14.50.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1@1.50 per box. Strawberries, \$1.75@2.75 per crate; cherries, \$1@1.35 per box; gooseberries, 5c per lb.; loganberries, 7c per crate; peaches, \$1.50@2 per box; apricots, \$1.50@1.75 per box; cantaloupes, \$7.50@8 per crate; plums, \$1.50 per box.

Potatoes—Jobbing price, \$2@2.75 per hundred; new California, 4½c per lb.; sweet potatoes, 4½c per lb.

Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.50 per sack; carrots, \$1.75; horseradish, 12½c per lb.; artichokes, 50¢@60c doz.; asparagus, 60¢@7c per lb.; beans, 60¢@9c; cabbage, 2c per lb.; cauliflower, \$3 per crate; corn, 50¢ per doz.; cucumbers, 50¢@1.25 per doz.; lettuce, hot-house, \$1.05 per box; lettuce, head, 25¢ per doz.; onions, 12½@15¢ per doz.; parsley, 35¢ per doz.; peas, 60¢ per lb.; radishes, 15¢ per doz.; rhubarb, 30¢@3½c per lb.; spinach, 5c per lb.; squash, 75¢@1.25 per box; tomatoes, \$2@2.50 per crate.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 26½c; fancy outside creamery, 25¢@26½c per lb.; store, 18c. Butter fat prices average 1½ cents per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 24¢@25c per doz.

Poultry—Hens, 14¢@14½c; springs, 18¢@20c; roosters, 8¢@9c; ducks, 14¢@15c; geese, 10¢@11c; turkeys, 18¢@20c; squabs, \$2@2.25 per doz.

Pork, Fancy, 10c per lb.

Veal—Extras, 8¢@8½c per lb.; ordinary, 7c; heavy, 6c.

Cattle—Steers, top, \$5; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; common to good, \$4@4.50; cows, top, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.75@4; common to medium, \$2.50@3.50; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls and stags, \$3@3.50; common, \$2@2.75.

Hogs—Best, \$8@8.15; fair to good, \$7.50@7.75; stockers, \$6@6.50; China fats, \$6.75@7.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@4; ewes, ½c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4.25; fair to good, \$4.

Hops—1908 contracts, 13¢@14c per lb.; 1908 crop, 9¢@10c; 1907 crop, 45c; 1906 crop, 1½¢@2c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 17¢@22½c per lb.; fine, 26c; medium, 23c; coarse, 21¢@22c; mohair, choice, 24¢@2½c per lb.

FILIPINO TROOPS MUTINY.

Seize Post and Attack Americans and Loyal Natives.

Manila, June 14.—A portion of the Second company of native constabulary, stationed at Davao, in the island of Mindanao, in the Southern part of the Philippine archipelago, mutinied on the night of June 6 and attacked the company quarters, which they captured after wounding one of the native officers. After a fight on the following day, which lasted three hours, and in which an American named Libbey was killed and four others wounded, the mutineers took to the mountains upon the approach of a company of constabulary stationed at Mapi, which hurried to the relief of the besieged Americans and loyal natives.

With receipt of the news of the mutiny today came also word that detachments of the Twenty-third infantry have reached Davao and quickly succeeded in restoring order. Several columns of troops were immediately dispatched in pursuit of the mutineers.

It is believed here that the mutiny was of purely local character, resulting from differences over food supplies or the care of the women of the families of the constabulary. It is thought to be confined to members of one company at Davao, and the fact that a neighboring company, also composed of natives, hurried to the relief of the besieged governor and the few Americans at the place is cited as proof of this.

Acting Governor General Forbes is expected in Manila tonight, when a conference with General Duval, commanding the division of the Philippines, will be held. It is expected that the determination will be reached at this conference vigorously to pursue the mutineers until the last one is captured.

DEATH LIST GROWS.

Many Wounded Perish Under Ruined Homes in France.

Marseilles, June 14.—From 75 to 100 dead and 100 injured in tonight's estimated casualties as the result of the earthquake which devastated several towns in the Southern part of France, particularly in the departments of Hérault and Bouche du Rhone.

Great suffering is reported owing to a lack of bread and other necessities of life. The casualties may be greatly increased, as the ruins have not yet been entirely searched. The villages of St. Cannat and Rogues were completely demolished and Lambas, which is 12 miles from Aix, suffered heavily.

According to advices received from a number of places, wounded are still imprisoned in the ruins and soldiers are working desperately to rescue them.

Survivors are finding shelter in tents. In many places the streets have been torn up and are encumbered by masses of rocks, making them impassable. Houses and public buildings were crumbled to pieces.

Among other villages seriously damaged are Vauvenargues, Venelles, Pellissanne, Puy Ste. Repaire and Arguilles.

WAR LOOMS NEAR.

Conflict With Germany Expected by All in England.

London, June 14.—The amount of war talk one hears on every side in London is perfectly amazing. The topic practically monopolizes conversation in political and social circles, and it seems to be generally admitted, with a kind of fatalistic complacency, that sooner or later—probably sooner—the British and German nations are going to fight it out.

People at large are taking note of the growing seriousness of the situation, and many display acute nervousness. One hears members of the American colony talk, half humorously, perhaps, and yet with a certain seriousness, of getting back home before the Germans come. Harry G. Selfridge said that personally he did not like the outlook.

"I tried to insure my shop," said the former Chicagoan, "against bombardment from the Thames, but the insurance companies would not accept the risk."

Germany, it is said, means to rule the sea, just as it rules the European mainland.

Fails to Smuggle Opals.

San Francisco, June 14.—A large consignment of valuable opals was intercepted here on its way from Sydney, Australia, to S. R. Finney, No. 2 Rectory Place, New York. The package was entered as having a value of \$50, and would have gone through free had not Deputy Collector Wilcox known something of opals. Though entered at Sydney at a value of \$50, each of the small packages had in it a private memorandum wrapped in tissue, showing the real value, which aggregated more than \$4,000.

Mail Pouch Has Vanished.

Los Angeles, June 14.—A registered mail bag containing money and securities valued at \$50,000 has disappeared while in transit from Los Angeles to Bisbee, Ariz. It is not known with certainty whether the bag has been stolen or has been sent to some Eastern postoffice through some clerical error. The missing mail pouch contained, it is said, two registered packages from the First National bank of Los Angeles to the Bank of Bisbee.

Jap Labor Leaders Indicted.

Honolulu, June 14.—A hastily summoned grand jury today returned indictments against 17 Japanese who are leaders in the strike of 9,000 Japanese laborers. The indictments followed the disclosures which resulted from the search of the offices of the Japanese newspaper Jiji.

A Race for a Wife

BY HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XVII.

Maude Denison's eyes flashed, and her lips quivered. She loved her hands closely together; but all she said was the monosyllabic "Gren." Small mercy was Mrs. Upcroft likely to meet with at his hands; her insolence had already made Rose's teeth grate.

"Unfortunately, Mrs. Upcroft," he observed, with an evil smile, "but I am afraid the butcher will have to wait for some time before he next enjoys the pleasure of your society. You see, you have unluckily admitted, before myself and Miss Denison—two witnesses, bear in mind—that you were privy to the removal or abstraction of a deed of value, even if you did not actually remove such deed with your own hands. The law, of which you are aware I am an expounder, calls a casualty of this kind by the name of felony, and recompenses it with varied terms of transportation. It is unpleasant, Mrs. Upcroft; but I fear, unless you can recollect where those particular papers are, there is nothing for it but to wait here patiently until the police escort I am about to summon has arrived for you."

The sulky insolence was taken well out of the unhappy housekeeper before Rose's speech was finished. Like most people of that class, she had but very vague ideas of the power of the law, and an almost morbid horror of encountering it in any shape. The barrister's accusation, too, sounded very plausible to unpracticed ears.

"Oh! Mr. Grenville, after knowing me all this time, whoever'd have thought you'd go against me in this way? Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?" "Do what you ought to have done, at once. Tell Miss Maude this instant where those papers are. None of your nonsense about not remembering. You know perfectly well what you've done with them. I'll give you two minutes to collect your ideas, and if you can't do it by the end of that time, I'll lock you in here and send for the police."

"Oh, please don't! I don't know, right? I think, Miss, they were all put up in an old trunk in the garret overhead," sobbed the now thoroughly cowed housekeeper.

"Go and see, Maude," said Rose, quietly. Miss Denison tripped out of the room, leaving Grenville to the quiet contemplation of his victim.

"Oh, my!—oh, my!" sobbed the housekeeper, "to think of those old rubbishy things being of any consequence! And what right have you, sir, to say I took them? To think of my being accused of taking things, after all these years! But I suppose a poor servant's character is not to be taken away for nothing? I'll have the law of you, I will!"

"You're right, Mrs. Upcroft; you will, and very much to your detriment, too, if the paper I want is not forthcoming. You're not talking to a woman now. You'll neither frighten me, nor get the slightest mercy at my hands. You're in as fair a way of spending the next six or seven years at Portland as anybody I know; and, by heavens, I'll take pretty good care you get there! They have stood your insolence long enough here. If you want to take a few things with you, I'll ring, and one of the maids can put up your box. I'll run through your accounts after you are gone, and fancy I can substantiate a tolerable charge of peculation to boot."

The housekeeper had rallied a little, but this last speech of Rose's completely crushed her. She knew that she had carried on a systematic scale of robbery for years. She flopped down on her knees, and implored that mercy might be shown her, backing her entreaties with many sobs and tears.

"Here they all are, Gren," said Maude, entering the room. "I tumbled them into this towel; I couldn't carry them in my hands. Good gracious, Mrs. Upcroft, do get up. What is the matter?"

"Stay where you are, and apologize to Miss Denison for your impertinence, before you rise," thundered Grenville.

"Quick, woman, and I'll be lenient about the second charge I have against you."

"Oh, please forgive me, Miss Maude! I didn't mean it—I didn't! I whimpers the crestfallen housekeeper.

"There, that'll do," said Rose, contemptuously, while Maude stood in open-eyed wonderment at the complete subjugation of her ancient foe. "Eureka!" she shouted, as, after running his eyes over some half a dozen mouldy papers, a more musty parchment than usual came beneath his ken. "This will do. You can go. Mrs. Upcroft, without a police escort for the present; but you had better bear in mind, in future, that if you are insolent to Miss Denison you will settle with me, and that next time I promise you it shall be a settlement in full."

With a low curtsy the discomforted housekeeper left the room—anger raging in her breast, but mixed with a strong proportion of fear. Her malevolence would know no bounds if she should ever see her opportunity; but for the present Grenville Rose had established a wholesome terrorism.

"Let her go, my darling," said Grenville, as he stole his arm round Maude's waist. "This is the deed I wanted. I must leave for town directly after breakfast. Armed with this, I think I can safely say Pearson shall trouble you no more. What guardian is your champion to have when he has rescued you from the dragon?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"You ingrate! What do you mean?" "What I said, I fear, Gren," replied the girl, as she lifted her smiling face to his. "That I have given my champion all I have to give already, and if that don't satisfy him, I can only—"

Miss Denison's further views on the subject were never promulgated, for reasons that are palpably obvious; nor will an ordinary observer be much astonished to hear that the cousins put in a dis-

gracefully life appearance at the breakfast table—a fact that may be quoted in support of my great theory, that early rising is dependent on fictitious excitement, and not in accordance with natural laws.

Breakfast over, Grenville had a hurried interview with the squirrel, the result of which was great jubilation on Harold Denison's part, and a remark that he had always had an immense opinion of Grenville's talents, and that he thought present circumstances already justified his opinion.

"Good-by, uncle," said Rose, as he stood on the steps of the carriage that was to convey him to the station. "I think I'm right, but you mustn't blame me if I've made a mistake. I'll telegraph as soon as I have had counsel's opinion on my friend here," and he tapped his traveling bag, in which reposed the anxiously sought-for deed.

"Heaven bless you, boy! I feel you're right—you must be. Good-by. Drive on." "Stop—stop! he can't go like that!" and Maude, like a flash of sunlight, dashed through the porch. The idea of anybody leaving Glinn without a flower in his buttonhole! "Gren, dear, one moment, while I put this in your coat. Keep it," she whispered, "to remind you of me."

"Not much necessity for that," he replied, as he bent over her. "But you shall see it, darling, next time I come. Good-by!"

"Not for long; mind and write; they won't care now, will they?" "Can't help it if they do. I shall."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is Monday afternoon. The usual crowd of refuse humanity clusters round the door of the great turf exchange. Ex-pugilists, low publicans, noblemen's butlers that were traders on men's weaknesses or lust—greasy, brass-chained, shovel-hatted, brazen-throated, brazen-browed—with wolfish greed of gain stamped more or less on their features—the hungry gold-seeking mob oscillate round that low doorway. The turf's temple never shuts; the fell war between backers and layers never ceases. Eager murmurs are heard midst that culture-faced crowd. "He went very bad in the market this morning." "Tell me they offered three, at the clubs." "What's wrong with him?" "What against the Saint?" and similar hurried interrogatories fall on the ear. Now a brougham, now a well-appointed cab, whose driver throws the reins from his lavender-kidled hands to the next tiger; now the hansoms of ordinary life drop their respective occupants at the small doorway.

The Subscription Room is full; round the big circular desks much paying and receiving is going on. The sofas round the room are crowded with loungers; the tessellated pavement is trod by a fluctuating mass, who ebb and flow to different points as some one or two large speculators vociferate the odds, or cease to do so. It is the settling day after the broken week at Newmarket, and sinister rumors are rife about the first favorite for the Two Thousand. He has stood at five to two for a long while, but report says that three to one has been laid and offered, to any amount of money, at the racing clubs this morning.

Half-past four—fatal hour for many a favorite at Tattersall's, the adjustment of last week's accounts—is over, and the ring has time to turn its attention to forthcoming events.

"Three to one against Coriander for the Guinea," is vociferated in more than one quarter. Nothing positive seems known about the horse; but a panic has set in, and backers stand aloof from a wager that yesterday they would have jumped at. Some few adventurous men take the increased odds to a little, but speedily repent as they find the disposition to lay that price rapidly increasing.

At this juncture Pearson, attired in deep mourning, entered the Subscription Room. It was but a few days since his father's funeral, and to do him justice, he would not have been there had not a friend telegraphed to him early in the day the onslaught that was being made on Coriander. Business must be attended to, he argued, whether racing or otherwise, and knowing his horse to be perfectly well, he ran up at once to town to stop this demonstration against it.

Foremost among the opponents of the favorite was a big, corpulent north countryman, who enjoyed the reputation of by no means throwing his money away. In turf parlance, when he persistently bet against a horse, "he knew something."

"Here's 1,000 to 800 against Coriander!" vociferated Mr. Piyart, for the second or third time.

"Put it down to me," said Pearson, quietly.

"Yes, sir. Will you take it twice?"

Pearson nodded. The bookmaker pencilled it into his note book. The crowd, attracted by the fact of Coriander's owner coming to the rescue, had surged round them; but no sooner had Mr. Piyart completed his memorandum, than he reiterated his hoarse war cry of "Here's 1,000 to 800 against Coriander!" a shout in which he was immediately joined by two or three other large speculators.

"Put it down again, Piyart," said Pearson, grimly; and now, inspired with confidence by the way in which his owner had supported him, several backers invested on the favorite.

For a little, it seemed as if Coriander would rally in the market; but the layers of odds far exceeded the backers; and finally came forth Mr. Piyart's ominous shout of "4,000 to 1,000 against the favorite for the Guinea!"

"I'll take that!" cried Pearson, though his astonishment knew no bounds; and, as the bookmaker noted it, he remarked, with a sneer, "You'll find my horse bad to get out of on the Two Thousand day. I don't think you will hedge, except at a loss."

"Perhaps so, sir—perhaps so; but I'll bet you an even hundred he don't start!" "Dane! and I'll make it 5,000, if you like."

"No; you might start him on three legs. I won't risk more than a hundred on his not starting; but here's 4,000 to 1,000 he don't win, once more."

Sam Pearson shook his head, and, at all events for once in his life, walked out of Tattersall's thoroughly puzzled. He knew his horse to be perfectly well, he had seen him that morning. As far as he had tried him, he had never tried a three-year-old better. What were these ring men going on?

They make great mistakes at times, these members of the magic circle. Their brethren of the Stock Exchange occasionally get the worst of it also; but, as a rule, either backers or shareholders are justified in feeling alarm at a persistent assault on what their money may be invested in. The decline of the favorite for a big race in the market is hardly so disastrous to the world in general as bank shares dropping twenty per cent below premium.

Before Pearson left London the next day, he was aware, from various sources, that Coriander's status in the letting was still further shaken, and that as much as five to one had been offered against the crack of forty-eight hours ago. He thought of it all the way home, and felt more utterly bewildered than he had ever done before in the whole of his turf experience.

Could Sam Pearson have been present at a conference held in Silky Dallison's rooms, between that astute gentleman and Grenville Rose, though he would have been still a long way from enlightened on the subject, yet he would have learned a good deal. It was the Friday night before that eventful Monday. Grenville had returned from Glinn the day previous. A mouldy old parchment lay on the table between them; it had apparently been consulted and thrown aside.

"Rumford says the deed is perfectly good, and Mr. Denison is quite certain there has been no enfranchisement. That's the case, Gren, isn't it?"

Rose nodded, and Mr. Dallison for a few minutes puffed meditatively at a cigar.

"Well," he continued, "the law part I leave to you. I presume that is all right. Rumford's opinion is quite good enough to go on, and old Denison, you say, was quite clear there has never been an enfranchisement. Odd there should not have been; but no doubt Pearson is a fun of our friend here!" and Dallison jerked his head in the direction of the parchment. "He wasn't the man to leave such a blot in his game if he knew it. Though for the matter of that it was no blot so long as he lived. Now, look here, I must trust to you for the legal working of this affair; the racing part I can manage. We've got Sam Pearson in a regular hole, and, better still, he doesn't know it. I can make probably a good bit of money out of this, both for you and myself, without any risk whatever; but ulterior events must decide that. Mr. Denison, at all events, must make a good bet; but without hurting his interests, in fact rather furthering them, you and I might pick up some five thousand pounds apiece. Do you understand?"

"Not in the least," replied Grenville.

"Well, there's not much necessity to should. Leave that to me; but you must work the legal machinery as I direct. Can you put it in motion by Wednesday or Thursday?"

"Let's say Thursday, certain," rejoined Rose.

"Very good, that will do; but don't let's have any mistakes about it."

"All right," nodded the other. "I'll guarantee that, and go down myself."

"Good. You told me the stake you were playing for, to start with, and as you are in real earnest about winning a wife, I think one may trust you. I shall commence operations at once. I'll see Piyart the bookmaker to-morrow, and put the first part of the program in his hands. We're going, you and I, to lay about a couple of thousand each against Coriander; and I'm going to give him free license to do as much as he likes for him self."

(To be continued.)

HE DEFENDS DIVORCE.

Maine Judge Declares It a Remedy and Not an Evil.

In the course of an address before the Twentieth Century Club upon the subject of divorce, Lucullus A. Emery, chief judge of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court, gave utterance to some views that have created much comment and discussion among the clergy and others, a Banger (Me.) dispatch to the New York Herald says. Judge Emery said in part:

"I have read a great deal and heard a great deal about the divorce evil. Now, in my opinion, divorce is not an evil, but rather a remedy for evil. Like other remedies for evil, it may and does have attendant lesser evils, which we must seriously consider and eliminate if possible, but in itself divorce is not an evil—it is a remedy. The evil precedes the divorce, but comes after marriage. I shall not consider the moral side of the question. I am speaking from the legal standpoint alone in considering this remedy for many of the evils of society."

"Marriage is a civil institution, established by statute for the benefit of man. It is not a sacrament. There is nothing divine about it, but it is a purely human institution. Law has established it. Its rights and abuses are defined, not by the church, but by law."

"To be sure, divorce may, in a sense, have an ill effect upon society. It would be better, of course, if all marriages were ideal, but they are not. We find these terrible conditions. The remedy may be a choice of two evils, but I say that in choosing divorce society has chosen the lesser. I have heard it said that divorce should not be granted because of the children, but I maintain that it is better for them—not only better, but less hurtful. And I say these things in the light of honest experience."

About once a year the Queen of Siam wears a state robe which is considered the most magnificent garment in the world.